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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1804.

THE HISTORY OF

Netterville:

A CHANCE PEDESTRIAN.

CHAP. XXIX.

CLARA was unwilling to awaken her aunt, and therefore, as soon as the family were stirring, she went down stairs; and having requested the hostess to be particularly attentive to Miss Nutcombe during her absence, she desired to have a guide to the castle.—"Here, John," said the landlady to her son, a lad of about fourteen years of age, "show this bonny lassie up to our bra'e castle." The boy immediately put on his hat, with an air of cheerfulness and hilarity, which greatly pleased our heroine; and during the walk of three quarters of a mile, he explained to her, in a sensible and intelligent manner, the different objects which presented themselves to the view: it is scarcely possible for language to do justice to the grand and magnificent scenery which opened before our fair traveller. The whole of the vast city was discernible at once, together with a most extensive view of the river Forth, the shipping, and the opposite shore of Fife; and, in the back ground, almost concealed in grey mists, rose several hills, which were distant more than forty miles, and bordered the Highlands. Clara was lost in astonishment and admiration, when an exclamation from behind caused her to turn suddenly round, and she beheld Lord Clanrick—his arms folded, earnestly contemplating her figure; she started, trembled, and turned pale; she imagined he had come from Clanrick to meet her; she felt mortified that he had not sought her before.—"Good heavens!" cried he, advancing towards her—"my Clara, my beloved Clara!—Miss Walsingham! my—my—" he paused, hesitated, and after struggling a few moments for composure, he said, "By what extraordinary chance do I now see you?" Clara felt abashed; she thought he was displeased at her coming to Scotland—that he considered her conduct indelicate; she was shocked, and angry, and answered cooly, "I am with my aunt at the ——," and began to descend the hill in the same moment.—"Clara," exclaimed he, "my once beloved Clara!—my sister, my friend! how have I lost your esteem?—what have I done to forfeit your regard? Oh, if you knew half the anguish, the despair, which I have felt—which I still feel; the pain which the knowledge of our affinity has cost me—if you knew half the sorrow, which at this moment overwhelms my sad heart, you would pity me."

Clara attempted to reply, but emotion prevented her utterance. Lewisham it was plain, had not received his mother's letter: he knew not of the eclaircissement which had been made, and his neglect was at once accounted for. She wished to inform him, that they were not related to each other, but was restrained by timidity; she extended her hand towards him, "will you go with me," said she, "and see Miss Nutcombe?" he looked at her with a countenance of the deepest regret, "I cannot go with you," said he, shaking his head, "I dare not go with you; hope has, indeed, left me—but my strong, my uncontroulable affection, still remains—Clara, I cannot behold you with indifference!" —"Ah!" returned she, "believe me, I wish it not—I should be miserable if I could, for a moment, suppose that you beheld me with indifference;" she still walked on—"O never, never, I fear," continued he, "can I reduce my feelings to the cool treatment and dispassionate medium of brotherly regard; my whole frame is even now convulsed by agitation—Clara, I must leave you!"—"Can you not perceive, from my conduct," said she, "that something has occured to render our avoiding each other no longer necessary? Lewisham, I have much to relate, but this is not a proper place."—"O Clara, for Heaven's sake keep me not in suspense! tell me, I beseech you, at once, what is it you allude to?—Is it, can it be, possible, that we were mistaken—is not Lord Newark my father—is he not also yours?"—"Yours, but not mine," answered she, smiling, and extending her hand towards him. "Come, will you now refuse to accompany me?" Lewisham pressed her offering hand to his lips, and then sliding it within his arm, they walked towards the inn, regardless of their attendant, who followed at a short distance. During their walk, Clara explained every occurrence which had befallen his family since his departure, and concluded her narration with informing him that his mother was already at Clanrick, towards which place herself and her aunt were travelling, when a slight indisposition in the latter had detained them a day in Edinburgh. "But pray, my Lord," continued she, as they entered the house, "where have you been since you left London, for I find you have not been at Clanrick?—"Yes, my Clara," said he, gazing delightedly in her coutenance, "I have been at Clanrick, but I have since that been at K——.

I have traced every spot which was so dear from the remembrance of my love —O how dreadful was the revulsion of my feelings, as these scenes, while they reminded me of my love, reminded me that I had no longer a hope of obtaining her—that I ought not even to think of her: tell me, my sweet girl! do you not pity me?" He looked earnestly in her face, which was covered with blushes.—"Clara," continued he, taking one of her hands, while, with his arm folded round her waist, he pressed her to his bosom, "tell me, my gentle Clara, do you love me?"—"What a question!" said she, timidly, glancing her eyes towards him, "are you not convinced of my regard for you—has not my conduct ever shewn you my esteem?"—"Oh! talk not, my beloved, of esteem—tell me not of regard—tell me, at once, my Clara, that you love me; render me happy,—for ever happy, by saying that you love me—that you will be mine!"—I do promise to be yours for ever," said Clara, presenting him her hand; he caught her in his arms with rapture, while the big tear of united feeling and felicity stole gently down his cheek, and he almost thought his happiness too great to be permanent. The sound of Miss Nutcombe's bell roused our heroine from an interesting tete-a-tete, and she hastened to her aunt's chamber, who still complained of indisposition, but said that she should proceed without delay, to Clanrick, on the following morning.

Clara informed her aunt of the arrival of Lord Clanrick, and then returned to him, and made breakfast: it was the sweetest meal she had ever known, though neither his lordship or herself ate a morsel; and, as soon as it was concluded, they strolled out to view some of the public buildings, and to enjoy each others conversation uninterrupted. Every thought of Clara's pure heart was now laid open to the view of her enraptured lover; and he was lost in admiration of that true propriety and delicacy of conduct, which had so long kept him in ignorance of her regard for him; in mutual and delightful retrospection they passed the day, for Miss Nutcombe did not rise until late in the evening, and retiring early to rest, they anticipated the approach of a new morning, and the bright prospects which opened to their view.

So taken up was our heroine with her own reflections, that the alarm of the preceding night was wholly forgotten, till the same voice in her aunt's apartment again awakened her attention; yet such a change had been wrought in her feelings, by the presence of Lewisham, that she was neither terrified or alarmed, but impelled, by motives of strong curiosity; she, nevertheless, listened, and soon distinguished the voice of the new favorite, Orlando. Still the whole of the conversation appeared to turn on some concealed rebel; when, after some time spent in bewildering conjecture, she heard Orlando, in a theatrical tone of voice, recite a tragical dialogue, which discovered to her, that they were engaged in a work of poetical composition, and that the rebel they were so anxious to secure, was an *effusion* of the gentlemen in waiting; for she did not believe that her aunt had any talent for the sublime.—

THE CONCLUSION.

THE following day beheld our lovers encompassed by a host of friends, who delightedly hailed the arrival of Clara, while they rejoiced to behold her accompanied by Clanrick, which was a happiness they dared not hope for. Lady Newark clung round the neck of her son, enraptured once more to see him in the possession of felicity, while she congratulated his companion and herself on the bright prospect which now opened before them, while the more manly and restrained affection of Lord Newark taught his son first to lift his eyes to the great Disposer of events, who had thus mercifully withdrawn the only shadow which obscured their general happiness.

Clanrick, and the fair object of his solicitude and affection, had been taught in the school of adversity, to properly estimate the blessings of this life, and had learned to be content with that share of felicity which is in general alloted to mortality; they felt the uncertain tenure by which transitory and earthly bliss was theirs, and they looked up with gratitude to the Author and Giver of it, while they anticipated in their union with each other, not an exemption from the common cares incident to the rest of the world, or a freedom from the imperfections and frailties of human nature, but that chastened and delicate affection, that combination of friendship and sympathy, which should predispose them to view the faults of each other with kindness and consideration, while in gratitude to Him who had done so much towards making them happy, they felt an added duty imposed on them in the discharge of the trust committed to their care; and resolved, by benevolence, and charitable exertions, to become useful to society, and happy in themselves.

The succeeding week increased the family of Lord Newark, the whole party arrived from Capel-street, which added not a little to the festivity at Clanrick—when, to their astonishment, Latimer recognized in Orlando a very old acquaintance.—Young Bentley, for that was his name, advanced to Lord Newark, and having apologized to him for entering his house under a fictitious character—proceeded to inform him that he was the son of——Bentley, of Essex, and that six weeks before the present period, Miss Nutcombe had condescended to transform him into "Benedict, a married man."

The presence of Mrs. Bentley could scarce restrain the general disposition for laughter which pervaded the company at the great disproportion of age between the venerable damsel and her youth-spouse; but Clara rejoiced to find the business had so terminated, and was the first to offer her congratulations to the happy couple, and her example was soon followed by the whole company.

Latimer's inpatience to hear the history of his friend's life, since they had separated at the University, could not be restrained; and taking him aside, he begged that he would "all his pilgrimage dilate."

To the generality of my readers, the flights of Pegasus, in the airy regions of fancy, the walks of Parnassus, and the perambulations of an hero in a garret, with an occasional slide into a three-penny eating-house in a cellar at St. Giles's, besides a variety of vagaries and fortunes, which great geniuses, as well as great generals, are subject to in this world of chance and change, would afford little amusement, while his compositions would perhaps, excite neither applause nor admiration.—I shall, therefore, content myself with observing, that from the time of this fortunate conclusion, of poetizing, rhiming, and scribbling, both he and his fair colleague, ceased their nocturnal orgies, and reposed quietly in their bed, like the rest of the world.

The family seat of Clanrick was the scene of happiness; and the following week, the lord of the castle espoused the lovely Clara—Blanche, and her cousin, attended as bride maids, while Latimer and Mathuen looked forward to the en-

suing winter, which was to behold them also the willing slaves of Hymen.

That vice, when even triumphant in this world, is generally punished by the agonies of conscience, I trust, has been exemplified in the character of Nugent; and that virtue cannot be cast down, even by the greatest possible depth of mortal suffering, I have also endeavoured to prove.—That the afflicted have scenes of consolation beyond the grave, hopes which no persecution can destroy, and which distress rather tends to strengthen, is sufficiently obvious to every rational being—since, if this life were the ultimatum of our wishes, a good man would not fail of being happy—that he is not, cannot be so on earth, proves that this is not his "abiding place," and that his trials are intended to wean his mind from a state of mortal hope, and to fix his wishes upon permanent and unchangeable felicity.—Had man no hope beyond the grave, where would he fly in the hour of distress?

ADOR AND ZULVA,

OR, THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE;

SOME centuries before the cruelty and avarice of the Spanish adventurers had subverted the empires of the new world. Axemira ascended the throne of Mexico. His administration gave offence to his nobles, whose privileges he endeavoured to circumscribe, and they conspired and effected his deposition, and raised his brother Itzualpa to the sovereign power. Ador, a youth of noble birth and distinguished endowments both of body and mind, had been the favorite, (which may appear somewhat extraordinary in our old world) at the same time the sincere and zealous friend, of the dethroned monarch. To free him from the bonds in which he was held, and restore him to his lost power, he raised a not numerous, but determined band, with which he took the field against the partizans of the new sovereign. Oppressed by numbers, the greatest part of his followers fell around him on the field; and himself, stunned by a violent blow, and became the captive of his enemies. He was led in triumph to the new monarch; whom, instead of supplicating for his life, he upbraided with his infidelity to their common lord. Itzualpa could not but admire the courage and dignified demeanor of his noble prisoner; but, on conferring with the grandees, it was resolved he should expiate by his death the crime he had committed against the new order of things.

The heart of Ador was not less susceptible of the tenderest feelings than animated by courage to brave danger in the cause of his friend and benefactor. He loved Zulva with the fondest passion, and Zulva amply returned him the tribute of her affection. Zulva to all the graces of her sex added the most determined resolution and firm presence of mind. When she heard of the defeat and captivity of her beloved Ador, and learned that the fatal sentence was pronounced against his life, she hastened into the presence of Itzualpa, and threw herself at the feet of the monarch.

"O spare the life of Ador!" exclaimed she: "spare him whose only crime has been fidelity to his sovereign! Bestow on him life, and he will serve you as faithfully."

"Zulva," said Itzualpa, "Ador dies: not because he was faithful to his late prince, but because he is the enemy of his present lord. He will be dangerous to our government, as the lion that infests the neighboring forest is to the industrious rustics and their labouring cattle." If, continued he, with a disdainful smile, "you can go forth, singly, and, before the expiration of the day fixed for the execution of Ador, bring the head of this devouring beast, whose ferocity has already proved fatal to several of our most experienced and bravest hunters, and spread a general terror through the country, Ador shall live."

Zulva immediately rose, and, making a profound obeisance to the monarch, hastily left his palace.

Zulva had been accustomed to the sports and fatigues of the field: she could send the winged shaft from the twanging bow with unerring aim, and a force seldom exceeded by the masculine arm. She now determined to go out with her arrow and bow against the monster of the wood, and either fall by his fangs, or fulfil the condition which was to secure life to her lover. She traversed undauntedly the thickest of the forest, explored its gloomy recesses, and, at length espied the furious beast. Intrepidly she fitted the arrow to the string, and, putting up a prayer to the Divinity who, as her country's religion taught her, presided over the affections and the fond wishes of faithful lovers, she took aim, and, discharging the shaft with inconceivable force, pierced the vital part where the spinal marrow joins the brain. The beast, without a struggle, fell motionless before her. In an ecstacy of wonder and gratitude, she returned thanks to the celestial power which had so completely crowned with success her desperate attempt. With an instrument she had with her she cut off the head of the beast, and bore it in triumph to the palace of the monarch.

"I come," said she, "to claim your royal promise. The lion which ravaged our plains has fallen by my hand. I bring you his head. Let Ador live."

Itzualpa surveyed with astonishment the graceful and beauteous Zulva.

"My promise shall be sacred," said he; "such love must triumph. The gallant Ador alone can deserve such exalted affection, and long may he live to enjoy it. I would aspire to his friendship; but, at least, I know that his magnanimity will not suffer him again to act as my enemy."

Ador and Zulva lived many years in uninterrupted happiness. Itzualpa, who sincerely admired and revered the virtues of Ador, prevailed on him to accept an important office under his government, which he administered with equal honor to himself and benefit to his country.

A FAITHFUL DOG.

THE following fact, which may be relied on, we deem worthy of preservation:—A gentleman, coming into town from Claverack, a few days since, observed a great-coat lying in the road, on which was a little dog. Concluding that the coat had been accidentally dropped, he approached to pick it up, when the dog flew at him with the utmost fury, and would not permit him to touch it. Pleased with this mark of the animal's faithfulness, the gentleman passed on, and arriving in town, found a person enquiring for his lost coat. He told him what he had seen; and the owner of the coat, on returning to the spot, found his faithful little dog still guarding his lost property. Several people had passed with teams, waggons, &c. but all of them undoubtly urged by the same feelings, had turned aside, like the first gentleman. [*Balance.*

For the Philadelphia Repository.

A TRIP TO THE COUNTRY
In August, 1804;
OR,
HOLIDAY-CONVERSATION,
ON
HAPPINESS.
(continued)

CHARACTERS.

Rurilla,	*Juvenia,*	*Lucinda,*	*Vanessa,*
Olivia,	*Marianna,*	*Cecilia,*	*Celestina.*

SCENE—*Banks of the Schuylkill:*—TIME—*Mid-day*

VANESSA.

WHO could, Cecilia, listen when you praise
The reading Novels, Tales, Romances, Plays,
And not confess, they have a secret charm
To smooth life's rugged road, and ills disarm?
For my part, with your bright description's glow,
I feit my sentiments congenial flow;
And my opinion can with yours unite,
That some of all your sentiments are right.
For instance—You are right, I must confess,
In this conception of true Happiness,
That from oblivious habitude it springs,
Which frees from care and all vexatious things.
But, then, I do not, nor can I agree,
'Tis found in listless inactivity;
In Fancy's fairy scenes both night and day;
Or thoughts that bear us from ourselves away:
For, how can real Happiness arise
From what itself has no realities?
And high as you may rank your bliss, you know,
'Tis but ideal, and must still be so.
If, therefore, true felicity we seek,
We must our wild imaginations check,
And search where only she is always found,
That is, where serious reflection's drown'd;
Where sense and fashion hold their jocund reign,
Where pleasures ever dance, in festive train;
Where all is gaiety, life mirth and joy,
Which learning dares not mar, nor thought annoy.
These are the places where she's found by all,—
The Concert, Theatre, Assembly, Ball,
The Circus, public shows and sprightly sports,
Of well-bread circles the approv'd resorts.
And then, when from the public view retir'd,
The dance, or card-party, so much admir'd,
Drives the dull moments of dull night away,
And thus with Happiness crowns night and day.
Without these gay diversions, and this range
Thro' all amusements, by incessant change,
Poor human life to woman would but be
One round of gloomy, disgust and ennui;
Soon would she pine with spleen and grief and care,
Then sink, at last, a victim to despair:
For, we're so form'd philosophers agree,
That fashion is our proper deity;
To whom we incense pay, when we pursue
Such pleasures only as are fashion's due.
Rob us of this divinity, and all
The other bliss of life would quickly fall;
As Nature's flow'rs and fruits would quickly die,
If Sol, their god, where blotted from the sky.
Let the censorious world, then, cease to blame
Our pleasures, under dissipation's name:
They only shew their narrowness of mind;
And that, to true felicity they're blind.
Oh! did they know th' enjoyments I have prov'd,
In all the various circles where I mov'd;
The voice of clamour they to praise wou'd change,
And sigh, to run, like me, the blissful range,
E'en you, Cecilia, if convinc'd by taste
Of pleasure's banquet, what a rich repast,
Your bliss—the bliss of reading—would resign,
And give the pref'rence joyfully to mine.
For, if that bliss in fancy be so great,
In viewing all the pageantry of state,
Where queens in oriental splendor blaze,
And suppliant multitudes admiring gaze:
Say, how much more and greater would it be
If those bright scenes were but reality!
Where you yourself would be the radiant queen
While crowds were envying or adoring seen;
As in your glitt'ring coach you gaily flew,
While thousands strove, in vain, to vie with you
Now at the concert, theatre, or ball,
Enrob'd in brilliance, you would dazzle all:
Now, at the fashionable midnight play,
You'd bear beaux's money with their hearts away.
At ev'ry pleasure-party, you might join
The sweet amour, the tete-a-tete divine:
Nor marriage bond would damp the gen'rous joy;
Nor "sober hours" the precious bliss annoy.
In pleasure's rounds, night is the same as day;
And all days are alike among the gay:
For "hours were made for slaves," is fashion's call;
And fashion, be assur'd is all in all

Such dear diversion, exquisite delight,
The day all pleasure, rapture all the night,
Await the fair who bow at fashion's shrine,
And elevate them to a rank divine.
Such is the bliss, of which I share a part,
Most sweet, most welcome to the female heart!
Now, judge of it; and candidly confess
You yield to me, in point of Happiness.
Therefore, Cecilia, if you'd wish to be
As happy as you now Vanessa see,
Your Burneys, Godwins, Radcliffes, throw aside,
With all their air-drawn castles' borrow'd pride;
Also your Shakespeares, Cibbers, Lees and Rowes,
With all their imag'ry, and tinsel'd shows:
No longer, bury youth and beauty's bloom,
In your retirement's more than dungeon gloom:
No longer, waste in solitude your time,
Else you'll look old before you reach your prime:
Because, a studious life and thought intense
Are foes to health as well as *common* sense.
But, rouse your spirits up, and come with me,
Where mirth and fashion hold their joint levee;
Where Happiness forever keeps her home,
Chides your delay, and beckons you to come.
There shall all thought be drown'd in blissful trance;
There we shall mingle in the merry dance;
Or, to th' illumin'd theatre repair,
Where naught but gaity and splendor are:
Where fashion, deck'd with fancy's brightest rays,
Superbly sits while glories round her blaze:
There, all life's best delights we shall enjoy
Without or thought or care to give alloy;
New pleasures still shall rise, as old decline,
Till our 'rapt souls feel extacy divine!

(to be concluded.)

For the Philadelphia Repository.

A READER'S GLEANINGS.—No. X.

"Temperance, that virtue without pride, and fortune without envy, gives indolence [healthfulness] of body and tranquility of mind; the best guardian of youth, and support of old age." *Temple's Essays.*

TEMPERANCE, in a general sense, is a prudent moderation which restrains our desires, appetites, and passions within just bounds: but we shall consider it here in a more limited signification, as a virtue that curbs our corporeal appetites, and, confining them to a medium equally distant from two opposite extremes, renders them not only innocent, but commendable and useful.

The principal vices repressed by Temperance are *Incontinency* and *Excess in eating and drinking:* if there be any more, they flow from one or other of these two sources.

It would lead us to too great length at present, to consider this virtue fully in both points of view. To the last, then, as most appropriate to our particular subject, we shall chiefly confine our attention.

"Wine," says an eminent author, "raises the imagination, but depresses the judgement. He that resigns his reason is guilty of every thing he is liable to in the absence of it. A drunken man is the greatest monster in human nature, and the most despicable character in human society; this vice has very fatal effects on the mind, the body, and fortune of the person who is devoted to it; as to the mind, it discovers every flaw in it, and makes every latent seed sprout out in the soul: it adds fury to the passions, and force to the objects that are apt to inflame them. Wine often turns the good-natured man into an idiot, and the choleric into an assassin; it gives bitterness to resentment, makes vanity insupportable, and displays every little spot of the soul in its utmost deformity."

Seneca says, "That drunkenness does not produce, but discover faults;" experience teaches us the contrary; wine throws a man out of himself, and infuses into the mind qualities to which it is a stranger in its most sober moments. Some men are induced to drink excessively, as a cure for sorrow and a relief from misfortune; but they deceive themselves; wine can only sharpen and embitter their misery.

Temperance is our guard against a thousand unseen ills. If this virtue restrains not our natural inclinations, they will soon exceed all bounds of reason and of prudence. The Grecian Philosophers ranked temperance among the highest of all Christian virtues. It is undoubtedly a preservative against numerous diseases, an enemy to passion, and a security against the dire effects of excessive vices and immoderate desires.

Every man of reflection must know, *that by keeping this vigilant centinel always*

on duty, we are armed and secured against that tremendous host of foes which perpetually hover round the unguarded victims of intemperance.

BIOGRAPHICAL

SKETCH OF ANNA LÆTITIA BARBAULD.

A LADY of an excellent genius which she has condescendingly employed to the noblest ends, in exciting infancy to virtue, and maturer years to a love of freedom. She is a sister to Dr. Aiken and wife of the Rev. Bochemont Barbauld. The talents of this ingenius lady are well known, and have obtained for her productions, a very large allotment of well merited reputation. When a maiden lady, she published a thin quarto volume of Poems, which were received with uncommon applause. Among her subsequent works have been a volume of Miscellanies, published in conjunction with her brother, and a collection of Devotional Thoughts chiefly extracted from the book of Job. After tuning her warbling lyre to notes seraphic, she deigned "to teach the young idea how to shoot," and to employ her talents in predisposing the infant mind by pious and virtuous impressions. Her remaining publications have been The Hill of Science: some spirited and judicious remarks on Mr. Gilbert Wakefield's Inquiry into the Expedience and Propriety of public or social Worship: A political sermon on a national Fast: An Epistle to Mr. Wilberforce on the Rejection of the Bill for abolishing the Slave Trade, in 1791: Sins of Government: Sins of the Nation: Evenings at home: An Edition of Akenside's Pleasures of Imagination, with a critical Essay: Lessons for Children, and some other pieces of less importance.

SCRAPS.

It is a curious fact, that Lord *Selsea* is fond of the *country*, while Lord *Meadowbank* and Earl of *Roseberry* prefer the *watering* places.

Buenos Noches—A Spanish gentleman who had but one eye, used frequently to attend a tennis-court whenever any match of skill was played there. One day the ball was so violently struck against the other eye, as in a moment to deprive him of the use of it. He bowed to the company, and without apparent emotion, left the court, saying, "Buenos noches!"—*Good night Gentlemen.*

For the Philadelphia Repository.

THE SCRIBLER.—No. XXIII.

Dulce et decorum est, propatria mori.

It is sweet and glorious to die for our country.

THIS was a sentiment impressed by the ancients upon their children, as the height of virtue. This was a sentiment which excited a holy fury in their bosoms, and raised their minds to the highest pitch of enthusiasm. Though in many of the more barbarous nations they also implanted in their bosoms, cruelty to their enemies, though they taught them to be treacherous and bloody, yet that sacred principle, that spirit of patriotism which they possessed, could, in times of national danger, unite them in one firm band "to conquer or to die." As mankind approached nearer to refinement, and as it naturally follows that luxury and prodigality are its concomitants, this "holy name" has almost in the same degree become more faint and now seems almost extinguished. Greece, of all ancient countries, produced men remarkable for their brilliant exploits, but when corruption crept in and the people acted only for themselves and disregarded the interests of their country, she fell, though not so rapid as Lucifer, yet like him, never to rise again." Sparta, by the strictness of her laws, and the simplicity of manners which they produced, withstood the downfall of her neighbours, and maintained her respectability longest, but in the end, fell for ever!

So much for our ancestors, and now (speaking sincerely) the more I see of their posterity the more I am convinced that patriotism has become a name without a reality. Some, I am willing to acknowledge, are yet gifted with a portion of that enthusiasm which animated our forefathers, but so feeble are its throbbings that should self interest come into contact with the interest of ther country, the former would, in most instances, predominate. Could any efforts of an individual be greatly beneficial to his country and at the same time materially injurious to himself, where is the man who would step forward? Our country is divided into two parties, most men belong to one or the other and each defend the principles and wisdom of the actions of their own, and indiscriminately abuse their opponents. What are the views of the leaders of these partics? "*They wish not to promote the interests of their country, her good makes no part of their's they wish not to promote the welfare of their fellow citizens, but to raise themselves on the ruin of their rivals.*" The following communication of my correspondent *Studiosus* on "*party*," shall conclude this number.

TO THE SCRIBLER.

SIR,

PARTY spirit has, for centuries past, existed among men; and so long as it remains only a subject of speculation, its consequences are not to be dreaded as radically injurious to the welfare of the state. But when political opponents, regardless of the majesty of the laws and in direct subversion of the civil institutions of their country, resort to means shocking in the extreme, to determine their controversies, then, I presume to censure, in the warmest terms, such outrage, as incompatible with a right of a citizen and the highest duty of all moral men.—Many instances have been presented to our view, wherein men of respectable standing in society—men who hold high and dignified stations in the councils of our country, have suffered their better reason to depart, whilst they have gratified their resentment in at least endeavouring to *murder* or be *murdered;* I mean to censure no particular sect or party, both are culpable. Has not our nation lately severely felt the effect of this *monster*, at whose altar, was sacrificed, the combination of all those rare qualities, which ornament the statesman, soldier, and civilian? Yes! with mournful recollection must it be acknowledged, that from this cause, the constellated light of HAMILTON! has ceased to illuminate this western hemisphere!

If then gross evils have originated from the untempered zeal of party spirit, which have deprived the world of its first characters and sapped the foundations of republics and empires whose bases have appeared more durable than our own, is it not of moment, seriously to contemplate on the probable effect it may produce in these now United States? I humbly conceive that it is far below a great mind, to bestow a thought on the quibbles of the violent partizans of the day, for that their motives originate in patriotic desires for the welfare of the commonwealth, their daily actions deny. To see one man turn a deaf ear to the suggestions of another, and, contrary to reason, dispute the rectitude of his sentiments, merely because he is called by a

different political name, is as absurd as degrading to the dignity of mane.

Party rancor is much increasd by the violence of political publications, many of which are conducted by men whose *cunning* has taught them, that to divide a nation is the first step to anarchy, the attainment of which would exalt them on the ruins of others. They vilify and misrepresent every act which originates with those, whose virtues have justly entitled them to the confidence of all good men, but whose political principles do not coincide with their own. Thus the illustrious WASHINGTON did not pass untouched by the barbed arrows of faction, and the name of ADAMS, if hatred had her sway, would be forever burried in oblivion, or consigned to eternal execration.

I am not totally unacquainted with your sentiments on this head, Mr. *Scribler*, hence I presume you will agree with me in opinion, nevertheless, any remarks of yours, or any other of your correspondents which will tend to place the intolerence of this national evil in a more striking point of view, will be received with much pleasure by myself as an individual, who long since has respected your judgment. That the American people may be wise enough, to banish from them this poisonous hydra ere its *dread influence* shall have effected an irrecoverable wound in the vitals of that *Union* which has thus far preserved to us the blessings of civil and rational liberty, is the anxious wish of Your most obed't, &c.

STUDIOSUS.

LIFE

AN ALLEGORICAL VISION.

From a British Essayist.

A GENTLE ascent led to a lofty eminence, and on the summit, was a level plain, of no great extent. The boundaries of it could not indeed easily be ascertained; for as the ascent, on one side, was easy and gradual, so the slope on the other continued almost imperceptible, till it terminated at once in abrupt declivity.

At the first entrance of the hill, I observed great numbers of infants, crawling on beds of primroses, or sleeping on pillows formed by the moss. They frequently smiled, and their sweet countenances seemed to express a complacency and joy in the consciousness of their new existence. Many indeed wept and wailed, but their sorrow, though pungent, was short, and the sight of a pretty leaf or flower would cause a smile in the midst of their tears; so that nothing was more common than to see the drops trickling down cheeks which were dimpled with smiles. I was so delighted with these scenes of innocence, that I felt an impulse to go and play with the little tribe, when just as I was advancing, I felt a wand gently strike my shoulder, and turning my eyes on one side, I beheld a venerable figure, with a white beard, and in a gray mantle elegantly thrown around him.

'My son,' said he, 'I see your curiosity is raised, and I will gratify it; but you must not move from this place, which is the most advantageous spot for the contemplation of the scene before you.

'Yon hill is the Hill of Life, a pageant which I have raised by magic influence of this wand, to amuse you with an instructive picture.

'The beauteous innocents, whom you see at the foot of the hill, present you with the idea of angels and cherubs, and of such is the kingdom of Heaven. Simplicity and innocence are their amiable qualities, and the more of them they retain in their ascent, the happier and lovelier shall they be, during the rest of their journey.

'But raise your eyes a little. You see a lively train intent to learn, under the sage instructors who accompany them the easiest and safest way of ascending and descending the hill which lies before them. They often run from the side of their guides, and lose themselves among the shrubs that blossom around them. Some give no ear to instruction and consequently are continually deviating among thorns, thistles, nettles, and brambles. Their errors are at present retrievable, and few fall in the pitfalls with which the hill abounds.—Joy illuminates their countenances. Their's are the ruddy cheek, the sparkling eye, lively spirits, and unwearied activity. They retain a great share of innocence with which they set out, and therefore they are cheerful.—Enviable age, if reason were mature! But folly, wantonness, forwardness of temper, and ignorance, greatly interrupt and spoil their enjoyments. Fruits of delicious taste grow round them, and flowrets of the sweetest scent and most beautiful colour, spring up beneath their feet. But they soon grow tired of this lower part of the hill, and ambitiously aspire to higher eminences.

'Behold them a few paces higher. They advance with eagerness, and many of them forsake their guides which have conducted them thus far in their ascent. They hasten in their course, nor do they adhere to the direct road, but deviate without scruple. Some indeed return, but the greater part climb the hill by paths of their own choice, full of difficulty and danger. The pitfalls, which are placed in every part of the hill, are in this part very numerous, and not easy to be avoided by those who forsake the high road. There are indeed no parts of the hill, in which a guide is more necessary than here: nor any, in which the travellers are less inclined to seek his assistance.

'You see the beauty of the blossoms. You hear the music of the birds. All nature seems to conspire in affording delight; but too many of the travellers preserve not that innocence and simplicity which are necessary to give a taste for the pleasures which are allowed. Instead of plucking the flowers which are known to be safe and salutary, they desire none but such as are poisonous. The aspiring ardour of the travellers urges them to continue the ascent, and by this time, you see, they have reached the level summit, where you observe a prodigious crowd, all busy in pursuit of their several objects. Their faces are clouded with care, and in the eagerness of pursuit they neglect those pleasures, which lie before them. Most of them have now lost a great share of their original innocence and simplicity, and many of them have lost it entirely.

'And now they begin to descend. Their cheerfulness and alacrity are greatly abated.—Many limp, and some already crawl. The numbers diminish almost every step; for the pitfalls are multiplied on this side of the hill, and many of the travellers have neither strength nor sagacity to avoid them. Many delightful scenes remain. Fruit in great abundance grows around them. But the greater part, you may remark, are careless of the obvious and natural pleasures, which they might reach and enjoy, and are eagerly digging in the earth for yellow dust, on which they have placed an imaginary value. Behold one who has just procured a load of it, under which he is ready to sink. He totters along, in haste to find a hiding place for it; but before he has found it, himself is hidden from our eyes, for lo! while I speak, he is dropping into a pitfall. Most of his companions will follow him; but you see no one is alarm-

ed by the example. The descent is become very steep and abrupt, and few there are who will reach the bottom of the hill. Of those few not one advances without stumbling on the edge of the pitfalls, from which he can scarcely recover his feeble foot. Ah! while I speak, they are all gone.'

And is this a picture of life? said I: alas! how little do the possessors of it seem to enjoy it! Surely some error must infatuate them all. O, say what it is, that I may avoid it, and be happy.

'My son,' said my benevolent guide, 'do not hastily form an opinion derogatory from the value of life. It is a glorious opportunity, afforded by the Creator, for the acquisition of happiness. Cast your eyes on yonder plain, which lies at the bottom of the hill, and view the horizon.'

I looked, and lo! a cloud tinged with purple and gold parted in the centre, and displayed a scene, at which my eyes were dazzled. I closed them a while, to recover the power of vision, and when I opened them, I saw the figure of a person in whom majesty and benevolence were awfully united. He sat on a throne with every appearance of triumph, and at his feet lay a cross. And I heard a voice saying, 'Come again, ye children of men.'—And lo, the plain opened in more places than I could number, and myriads of myriads started into existence, with bodies beautiful and glorious. And the voice proceeded, In my Father's house are many mansions. Ye have all fallen short of the perfection for which ye were created; but some have been less unprofitable servants than others, and to them are allotted the more exalted places of bliss; but there remain mansions appropriated to all the sons of men. I have redeemed the very worst of them from the tyranny of death. Rise, therefore, to your respective mansions. Enter into the joy of your Lord.' He said: when the sound of instruments sweeter than the unpurged ear ever heard, rang throughout Heaven's concave. And the glorified bodies beneath rose like the sun in the east, and took their places in the several planets, which form what is called our solar system. I was transported with the sight, and was going to fall on my knees, and supplicate to be admitted among the aspiring spirits, when to my mortification, I thought I was suddenly placed on the side of the hill, where I had to climb a steep ascent. I wept bitterly, when my guide remonstrated with me on the unreasonableness of my tears since, none were to be admitted to glory, who had not travelled the journey which I had seen so many others travel. 'Keep innocence,' said he, 'do justice, walk humbly.' He said no more but, preparing to depart touched me with his rod, and I awoke.

MAN OF HONOUR.

"By separating the man of honour from the man of virtue, the greatest profligates have got something to value themselves in countenance, though guilty of the most shameful and dangerous vices. They are debauchees, spendthrifts, and never pay a farthing they owe; but they are men of honour; and therefore to be received in all companies as gentleman."

HAPPINESS AND PLEASURE.

Happiness and pleasure affect us in a different manner, and, to a certain degree, have nothing in common with each other. Pleasure cannot be lasting; it would soon lose its charms, because the mind and senses would quickly be weakened by its vivacity. Pleasure is not like happiness *within ourselves;* it is accidental, and depends on others. Every person may feel a lively *pleasure;* but the heart only can render us capable of tasting *happiness;* for which reason, those, who possess not exquisite sensibility, have no pretensions to it. Happiness resembles a gentle warmth proceeding from ourselves: pleasure, which is more exterior and lively; but less durable, affects us like adventitious heat; of which we are soon deprived, because it is not natural.

MUTUAL FREEDOM.

AS General Paoli was one evening walking down the Haymarket, he was accosted by an itinerant daughter of pleasure, who happened to know his face. As she was a pretty girl, he suffered her to hold his arm till he got to Spring Gardens, when he thought to disengage himself, but she still held him, and finding all her rhetoric lost, told him, if he would leave her, he ought to make her a present at least, as they were very nearly connected. The veteran started, and demanded how? "Why, sir, (said the girl) you have been driven from home and lost your inheritance in defence of *liberty:* by being attached too much to the same cause, I am reduced to the like extremity. We are both children of *liberty*, and therefore ought to have a fellow-feeling for each other." The wit of the girl so much pleased the old son of Mars, that he gave her a guinea.

JUSTIFICATION.

A Jew once came into the court of King's Bench, to justify bail for 600l. when, on the usual question being asked him, if he was worth 1200l. and all debts paid? he replied. "My lords, upon my vord, dis is a very great shum; and, as I am not really vort de half, I vill not justify for it; but, as de attorney here did give me a 20l. bank-note to justify, wat vod your lordships have me do vid de monies?" Lord Kenyon immediately replied, "You are an honest Jew, and I would advise you by all means to keep the note;" which Mordecai accordingly did; and, as his lordship was coming out of court, with many bows and scrapes, said, "I hombly tank your lordship; for you are the *first* who ever called *me* an *honest Jew*,"

Philadelª., *Dec.* 15, 1804.

IT must give pleasure to every liberal mind to understand that the bill "to endow a permanent institution for the education of youth in the city of Washington," has passed both chambers of the council in that city; by this bill 1500 dollars a year are appropriated, and provision otherwise made for establishing the institution.

The loss of the Americans at the bombardment of Tripoli amounted to 3 officers and 20 seamen killed, besides a number wounded.

Reynold's forthcoming Comedy, which was read in the Green-Room of Covent-Garden, on Friday, is to be called *Hear it out.* It will be supported by the whole comic strength of the house, and we heartily wish the indefatigable author success. [*Lond. Pap.*

MARRIED——On Saturday evening last, at Kingsessing, by Heath Norbury, Esq. Mr. *Thomas L. Plowman*, (Printer and Bookseller) of this city, to Miss *Elizabeth Pearson*, of the former place.

——Same evening, by the Rev. Bishop White, Mr. *Samuel Stones*, of Leeds in Yorkshire, to Miss *Lyston*, of this city.

——On Tuesday evening last, by Rev. John Hey, Mr. *William Shufflebottom*, to Miss *Jennett Fletcher*, all of this city.

——On Wednesday evening last, by the Rev. James Boyd, Dr. *James Tate*, of Newton, (Bucks co.) to Miss *Jane Keith*, daughter of Mr. Wm. K. of this city.

——At Easton (Penns.) on Thursday the 6th inst. by the Rev. Christian Endres, Mr. *William Kelly* of this city to Miss *Phœbe Moore*, of the former place.

DIED—At Boston, On Thursday 6th inst. of an apoplexy, the *Rt. Rev. Dr. Samuel Parker*, Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Churches in Massachusetts. Dr. P. for many years, faithfully performed the duties annexed to the rectorship of a Church in Boston and one in Cambridge (Mass.) it is but a few weeks since he was consecrated to the holy office in which he died.

Temple of the Muses.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

EVENING.

Measure, "*Noon roohen olla woltar.*"

BEHOLD! the day is ending,
The sun is fast decending
To set—on Ocean's breast;
The clouds with glory beaming—
O'er heav'n's blue concave streaming,
Shed gorgeous lustre o'er the west.

The light is now expiring;
Tranquillity inspiring,
The grateful *Even* reigns.
The fleecy flocks are bleating,
They to their folds retreating,
Now leave to *night* the dewy plains.

The beauteous birds of heaven,
Now sing the strains of *Even*,
And to their nests retire.
The lab'rer home is going;
The balmy zephyrs blowing
Sensations sweet and mild inspire.

Nights *smiling queen* ascending,
The glitt'ring stars attending,
Illumes the blue expanse,
O'er all her lustre shedding,
On Ocean's bosom spreading,
Her beams seem on the waves to dance.

The mariner beholding
Night's peerless charms unfolding,
Bids care fly far away.
While o'er the shining ocean,
With calm and gentle motion,
His barque holds her advent'rous way.

While, sober *Cynthia* viewing,
Her azure course pursuing,
What glories meet my sight.
With pleasure everflowing
My raptur'd bosom glowing
Adores the RULER *of the beauteous* NIGHT.

ADELIO.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

TO A SINGING BIRD.

SWEET bird come cheer me with thy song,
When morning gilds the skies with light;
Pour thy sweet warbling strains along,
When day yields his bright reign to night.

Or, rather when the setting sun
Sheds o'er the world his parting ray,
When ev'ning wrapt in mantle dun,
Treads closely in the rear of day.

Then, then begin thy vocal strain,
Then let thy notes be heard around,
(Dispelling care, or soothing pain)
And cheer my bosom with the sound.

For music o'er the human soul,
Exerts a sweetly soothing pow'r,
A mild, but yet, a strong controul,
And cheers full many a care clad hour.

How sweetly thro' the fragrant air,
Thy animating music floats,
While softly whisp'ring zephyrs bear,
To all around, the tuneful notes.

Oft when the morning's piercing eye,
Beam'd through the dreary shades of night,
Perch'd on some tree, my dwelling by,
Thou wak'dst me up to new delight.

Still, sweetest bird, come sooth my care,
Lull with thy voice my mind to rest,
Then no unfeeling boy shall dare
To rob thee of thy shelt'ring nest.

When winter drives thee from the plain,
My portals shall to thee unfold,
Thou shalt not suffer hunger, pain,
Nor perish with the piercing cold.

Nor will I find my care in vain,
But all my tenderness repaid,
For thou wilt cheer me with a strain
When frosts and snow o'erwhelm the glade.

ADELIO.

THE CHOICE.

HAD I, Pygmalion-like, the pow'r,
To make the nymph I would adore,
The model should be thus design'd,
Like this, her form, like this, her mind.

Her skin should be, as lilies, fair,
With rosy cheeks and jetty hair;
Her lips with pure vermillion spread,
And soft and moist, as well as red;
Her eyes should shine with vivid light,
At once both languishing and bright;
Her shape should be exact and small,
Her stature rather low than tall;
Her limbs well turn'd, her air and mien
At once both sprightly and serene;
Besides all this, a nameless grace
Should be diffus'd o'er all her face;
To make the lovely piece complete,
Not only beautiful, but sweet.

This, for her form; now for her mind;
I'd have it open, gen'rous, kind,
Void of all coquettish arts,
And vain designs of conquering hearts;
Not sway'd by any views of gain,
Nor fond of giving others pain;
But soft, though bright, like her own eyes,
Discreetly witty, gaily wise.

I'd have her skill'd in ev'ry art,
That can engage a wand'ring heart;
Know all the sciences of love,
Yet ever willing to improve:
To press the hand, and roll the eye,
And sometimes breathe an amorous sigh;
To lengthen out the balmy kiss,
And heighten ev'ry tender bliss;
And yet I'd have the charmer be
By nature only taught—or me.

I'd have her to strict honor ty'd,
And yet without one spark of pride;
In company well dress'd and fine,
Yet not ambitious to outshine;
In private, always neat and clean,
And quite a stranger to the spleen;
Well pleas'd to grace the park and play,
And dance, sometimes, the night away;
But oft'ner fond to spend her hours
In solitude and shady bow'rs;
And there, beneath some silent grove,
Delight in poetry and love.

Some sparks of the poetic fire,
I fain would have her soul inspire,
Enough, at least, to let her know
What joys from love and virtue flow;
Enough, at least, to make her wise,
And fops and fopperies despise;
Prefer her books, and her own muse,
To visits, scandal, chat, and news;
Above her sex, exalt her mind,
And make her more than womankind.

ON HUMAN LIFE.

A translation from the Greek.

O LIFE, thou burden of perpetual care.
Which no one can escape, and few can bear,
What path can screen us from thy length of woes,
Save that, where Death this vale of tears shall close!
Sweet are thy natural charms: the land, the main,
The sun, and silver moon, and starry train;
But all the rest is bitterness and tears,
Pain in the present, in the future fears,
And tho' some transient joy the mourner feels,
Avenging sorrow treads upon his heels.